

THE
 Art of COOKERY:
Horatius Flaccus / 2
 A
 POEM.

In Imitation of
 Horace's Art of POETRY.

By the Author of a TALE of a TUB.

Coquus omnia miscet. Juven.



LONDON:

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of
 London and Westminster. 1708.

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POPE M.

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By the Author of THE ART OF COOKING.

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INgenious LISTER! were a Picture drawn
 With *Cynthia's* Face, but with a Neck like
Brawn,
 With Wings of *Turkey*, and with Feet of *Calf*,
 Tho drawn by KNELLER, it would make you laugh.
 Such is (Good Sir!) the Figure of a Feast,
 By some Rich Farmer's Wife and Sister drest;
 Which, were it not for Plenty and for Steam,
 Might be resembled to a Sick-man's Dream;
 Where all Ideas huddling run so fast,
 That *Syllabub* comes first, and *Soup's* the last.
 Not but that *Cooks* and *Poets* still were free
 To use their Power in nice Variety.
 Hence *Mack'rel* seem delightful to the Eyes,
 Tho' drest with incoherent Goosberries.

Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters are with *Fennel* spread,
 That never touch'd the *Herb* till they were dead.
 Yet no Man lards his *Pork* with *Orange-Peel*,
 Or garnishes his *Lamb* with *Spitch-cock-Eel*.

A *Cook* perhaps has mighty things profess,
 Then sent up but two *Dishes* nicely dress;
 What signify *Scotch-Collups* to the *Feast*?
 Or you can make *Whipt-Cream*! but what *Relief*
 Will that be to a *Sailor* who wants *Beef*?
 Who lately *Shipwreckt*, never can have *Ease*
 Till re-establish'd in his *Pork* and *Pease*.

When once begun, let *Industry* ne'er cease
 Till it has render'd all things of a *Piece*;
 At your *Desert* bright *Pewter* comes too late,
 When your first *Course* was serv'd up all in *Plate*.

Most knowing *Sir*! the greatest part of *Cooks*
 Searching for *Truth*, are cozen'd by the *Looks*.
 One would have all things little; hence ne'er try'd
Turkey Poults fresh from th' *Egg* in *Butter* fry'd,
 Others, to shew the *Largeness* of their *Soul*,
 Prepare you *Mutton* swoln, and *Oxen* whole.
 To vary the same thing, some think it *Art*,
 By larding of *Hogs-Feet*, and *Bacon-Tart*.
 The *Taste* is now to that *Perfection* brought,
 That *Care*, when wanting *Skill*, creates the *Fault*.

In *Covent-Garden* did a Taylor dwell,
 Who might deserve a Place in his own Hell:
 Give him a single Coat to make, he'd do't
 A Vest, or Breeches singly; but the Brute
 Cou'd ne'er contrive all three to make a Suit.
 Rather than frame a Supper like such Cloths,
 I'd have fine Eyes or Teeth, without a Nose.

You that from pliant Paste would Frabicks raise,
 Expecting thence to gain immortal Praise,
 Your Knuckles try, and let your Sinews know,
 Their Power to knead, and give the Form to Dough.
 Chuse your Materials right, and Seasoning fix,
 And with your *Fruit*-resplendant *Sugar* mix.
 From thence of Course the Figure will arise,
 And Elegance adorn the Surface of your Pyes.

Beauty from Order springs, the judging Eye
 Will tell you if one single Plate's awry.
 The Cook must still regard the present Time,
 To omit what's just in Season, is a Crime.
 Your infant *Pease* t' *Asparagus* prefer,
 Which to the Supper you may best defer.
 Be cautious how you change old Bills of Fare,
 Such Alterations should at least be rare.
 Yet Credit to that Artist will accrue,
 Who in known things still makes th' Appearance new.
 Fresh Dainties are by *Britain's* Traffick known,
 And now by constant use familiar grown. B What

What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mango's, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
 Or would our Thrum-cap'd Ancestors find Fault
 For want of Sugar Tongues, or Spoons for Salt.
 New things produce new Words, and thus *Monteth*
 Has by one Vessel sav'd his Name from Death.
 The Seasons change us all ; by Autumn's Frost
 The shady Leaves of Trees and Fruit are lost.
 But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh Supplies,
 And from the teeming Earth new Buds arise.
 So *Stubble-Geese* at *Micha'lnas* are seen
 Upon the Spit ; next *May* produces Green.
 The Fate of Things lies always in the Dark,
 What *Cavalier* would know *St. James's-Park* ?
 For *LOCKET'S* stands where *Gardens* once did spring,
 And *Wild-ducks* quack where *Grashoppers* did sing.
 A Princely Palace on that Space does rise,
 Where *SYDLEY'S* Noble Muse found *Mulberries*.
 Since Places alter thus, what constant Thought
 Of filling various Dishes can be taught ?
 For he pretends too much, or is a Fool,
 Who'd fix those things where Fashion is the Rule.

King *Hardyknute*, 'midst *Danes* and *Saxons* stout,
 Carous'd on Nut-brown *Ale*, and din'd on *Grout* ;
 Which Dish its pristine Honour still retains,
 And when each Prince is Crown'd, in Splendor reigns.

By

By Northern Custom Duty was exprest
 To Friends departed by a Funeral Feast.
 Tho I've consulted *Holinghead* and *Stow*,
 I find it very difficult to know
 Who, to refresh th' Attendants to the Grave,
Burnt-Claret first, or *Naple-Biscates* gave.
Trotter from *Quince* and *Apples* first did frame
 A Pye, which still retains his proper Name.
 Tho' common grown, yet with white Sugar strew'd,
 And butter'd well, its Goodness is allow'd.

As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty sprang from Peace,
 Good Humour reign'd, and Pleasures found Increase;
 'Twas usual then, the Banquet to prolong,
 By Musick's Charm, and some delightful Song;
 Where every Youth in pleasing Accents strove
 To tell the Stratagems and Cares of Love;
 How some Successful were, how some were Cross'd;
 Then to the sparkling Glass would give his Toast,
 Whose Bloom did most in his Opinion shine,
 To relish both the Musick and the Wine.

Why am I styl'd a Cook, if I am loath
 To marinate my Fish, or season Broth,
 Or send up what I roast with pleasing Froth?
 If I my Master's gusto won't discern,
 But thro' my bashful Folly scorn to learn?

When among Friends good Humour takes its Birth,
 'Tis not a tedious Feast prolongs the Mirth;
 But 'tis not Reason therefore you should spare,
 VVhen as a future Burgeſs you prepare
 For a fat Corporation, and their Mayor.
 All things ſhould find their Room in proper place,
 And what adorns this Feast would that diſgrace.
 Sometimes the Vulgar will of Mirth partake,
 And have exceſſive Doings at their VWake.
 E'en Taylors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
 And, all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
 A Prince, who in a Forest rides aſtray,
 And weary, to ſome Cottage finds his way,
 Talks of no *Pyramids of Fowl*, or *Bisks of Fiſh*,
 But, hungry, ſups his *Cream* in Earthen-Diſh;
 Quenches his Thirſt with *Ale* in Nut-Brown Bowls,
 And takes the haſty *Raſher* from the Coals.
 Pleas'd like King *Harry*, with his Miller free,
 VVho thought himſelf as good a Man as he.

Unless ſome Sweetneſs at the Bottom ly,
 VVho cares for all the Crinkling of your *Pye*.
 If you would have me Merry with your Chear,
 Be ſo your ſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
 That Man his Banquet awkwardly forecasts,
 VVho fills his Table when another faſts.

You

Your Betters will despise you, if they see
 Things that are far surpassing your Degree.
 Therefore beyond your Substance never treat,
 'Tis Plenty in small Fortune to be Neat.
 Happy the Man that has each Fortune try'd,
 To whom she much has giv'n, and much deny'd ;
 VVith Abstinence all Delicates he sees,
 And can regale himself with Toast and Cheese.
 'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
 An Entertainment equal with his Lord.
 Old Age is frugal, gay Youth will abound
 VVith Heat, and see the flowing Cup go round.
 A VVidow has cold *Pye*, Nurse gives you *Cake*,
 From generous Merchants *Ham* or *Sturgeon* take.
 The Farmer has *Brown-Bread* as fresh as Day,
 And *Butter* fragrant as the Dew of *May*.
Cornwal Squab-Pyes, and *Devon White-pot* brings,
 And *Leister Beans* and *Bacon*, Food for Kings.

At *Christmass* time be careful of your Fame,
 See the old Tenant's Table be the same.
 Then if you would send up the *Brawnner's Head*,
 Sweet *Rosemary* and *Bays* around it spread ;
 His foaming Tusks let some large *Pippin* grace,
 Or midst those thundring *Spears* an *Orange* place :
 Sauce, like himself offensive to the Foes,
 The roguish *Mustard*, dangerous to the Nose.

Sack and the well-spiced *Hippocras* the Wine,
*V**V*assel the Bowl, with antient Ribbans fine,
*P*orridge with Plumbs, and *Turkey* with the *Chine*.

If you would try perhaps some Dish unkown,
*V*Which more peculiarly you'd call your own ;
 Like antient Sailors still regard the Coast,
 By vent'ring out too far you may be lost.
 By roasting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
 That *Cook* to *British* Palates is compleat,
*V*Whose sav'ry Hand gives turns to common Meat.
 Tho *Cooks* are often Men of pregnant *V*Vit,
 Through Niceness of their Subjects, few have writ.
 In what a Sound that antient Ballad ran,
 Which with this blustering Paragraph began ;

“ *There was a Prince of Lubberland,*
 “ *A Potentate of High Command ;*
 “ *Ten Thousand Bakers did attend him,*
 “ *Ten Thousand Brewers did befriend him.*
 “ *These brought him Kissing-crusts, and those*
 “ *Brought him Small-beer before he rose.*

The Author raises Mountains seeming full,
 But all the Cry produces little Wool.
 So if you sue a Beggar for a House,
 And get a Verdict, what's your Gain ? a Louse.

HOMER, more modest, if we search his Books,
 Will shew us that his Heroes all were *Cooks*;
 How lov'd *Patraclus* with *Achilles* joins,
 To quarter out the *Ox*, and spit the *Loins*.
 Oh ! cou'd that Poet live, cou'd he rehearse
 Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal Verse !
Muse, sing the Man that did to *Paris* go,
 That he might taste their *Soups*, and *Mushrooms* know.
 Oh ! how would HOMER praise their Dancing Dogs,
 Their stinking *Cheese*, and Frycasee of *Frogs*.
 He'd raise no Fables, sing no flagrant Lie,
 Of Boys with *Custard* choak'd at *Nemberry*;
 But the whole Courses you'd entirely see,
 How all the Parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of Persons would engage,
 Suit well your Eatables with every Age,
 That fav'rite Child that just begins to prattle,
 And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
 Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter,
 Unless appeas'd with frequent Bread and Butter ;
 He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
 But wont tell Mammy what he'd have or why.
 The smooth-fac'd Youth that has new Guardians chose,
 From *Play-house* steps to Supper at the *Rose*,
 Where he a Main or two at random throws.
 Squandring of Wealth, impatient of Advice,
 His Eating must be little, costly, nice.

Maturer

Maturer Age, to his Delight grown strange,
 Each Night frequents the Clubb behind the *Change*,
 Expecting there Frugality and Health,
 And Honour, rising from a *Sheriffs* Wealth;
 Unless he some Assurance-Dinner lacks,
 'Tis very rarely he frequents PONTACK'S.

But then Old Age, by still intruding Years,
 Torments the feeble Heart with anxious Cares.
 Morose, perverse in Humour, diffident,
 The more he still abounds, the less content.
 His Larder and his Kitchen too observes,
 And now, lest he should want hereafter, starves.
 Thinks scorn of all the present Age can give,
 And none that a'nt an hundred ought to live.

But now the *Cook* must pass through all Degrees,
 And by his Art discordant Tempers please,
 And minister to Health and to Disease. }

Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
 Dainties may in the working be disgrac'd.
 In private draw your *Poultry*, clean your *Tripe*,
 And from your Eels the slimy Substance wipe.
 Let cruel Offices be done by Night,
 For they who like the thing, abhor the Sight.

Next, let Discretion moderate your Cost,
 And when you treat, three Courses be the most.

Let

Let never *French* in *Machines* your *Pastry* try,
 Unless *Grandee* or *Magistrate* be by,
 Then you may put a *Dwarf* into your *Pye*.
 Or, if you'd fright an *Alderman* or *Mayor*,
 Within a *Pasty* lodge a *Living Hare* ;
 Then midst the gravest *Furs* shall *Mirth* arise,
 And all the *Guild* pursue with joyful *Cries*.

Crowd not your *Table*, let your *Number* be
 No more than *Seven*, and never less than *Three*.

'Tis the *Desert* that graces all the *Feast*,
 For an ill *End* disparages the rest.
 A thousand things well-done, and one forgot
 Defaces th' *Obligation* by that *Blot*.
 Make your transparent *Sweet-Meats* truly nice,
 With *Indian Sugar*, and *Arabian Spice*.
 And let your various *Creams* encircled be
 With swelling *Fruit*, just ravish'd from the *Tree*.
 Fine *Porcellane* a cleanly *Sight* creates,
 And furnishes your *Dishes* and your *Plates*.

The *Feast* now done, *Discourses* are renew'd,
 And witty *Arguments* with *Mirth* pursu'd.
 The chearful *Master*, midst his jovial *Friends*,
 His *Glass* to their best *Wishes* recommends ;
 The *Grace-Cup* follows, to his *Sovereign's Health*,
 And to his *Countrey Plenty*, *Peace* and *Wealth*.

Performing then the Piety of Grace,
 Each Man that pleases re-assumes his Place;
 While at his Gate, from his abundant Store,
 He show'rs his God-like Blessings on the Poor.

In days of old, our Fathers went to War,
 Expecting sturdy Blows and hardy Fare ;
 Their Beef they often in their Murrians stew'd,
 And in thir Basket-Hilts their Bev'rage brew'd.
 Some Officer perhaps might give Consent
 To a large cover'd Pipkin in his Tent,
 Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
 Was all thrown into Bank, and went to Pot. }

But when our Conquests were extensive grown,
 And through the World our *British* Worth was known,
 Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
 Their *Champaign* sparkled equal with their Lace,
Quail, Bucosiccoes, Ortelans were sent
 To grace the Levee of a Gen'ral's Tent ;
 In their gilt Plate all Delicates were seen,
 And what was Earth before, became a Rich Tareen.

When the young Players get to *Islington*,
 They fondly think that all the World's their own.
 Prentices, Parish-Clerks and Hectors meet,
 He that is drunk or bully'd pays the Treat.

Their

Their Talk is loose, and o'er their bouncing *Ale*,
 At Constables and Justices they rail.
 Not thinking *Custard* such a serious thing,
 That Common Council-Men will thither bring;
 Where many a Man, at variance with his Wife,
 With softning *Mead* and *Cheescake* ends the Strife.
 E'en Squires come there, and with their mean Discourse,
 Render the Kitchen which they sit in worse.
 Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids most gay,
 Fore-men that pick the Box, and come to play,
 Here find their Entertainment at the Height,
 In *Cream* and *Codlings* revling with Delight.

What these approve, the Great Men will dislike.
 But here's the Art, if you the *Palate* strike,
 By management of Common things so well,
 That what was thought the meanest, shall excel.
 While others strive in vain, all Persons own
 Such Dishes could be drest by you alone.

When straitned in your Time, and Servants few,
 You rightly then compose an *Ambigue*;
 Where *first* and *second Course*, and your *Desert*,
 All in one single Table have their part.
 From such a vast Confusion 'tis Delight
 To find the jarring Elements unite,
 And raise a Structure grateful to the Sight.

Be not too far by Old Examples led,
 VVith Caution now we in their Footsteps tread.
 The *French* our Relish help, and well supply
 The want of things too Grofs, by Decency.
 Our Fathers most admir'd their Sauces sweet,
 And often ask'd for Sugar with their Meat;
 They butter'd *Currants* on fat *Veal* bestow'd,
 And Rumps of *Beef* with *Virgin Honey* strow'd.
 Insipid Taste, Old Friend, to them who *Paris* know,
 Where *Roccombe*, *Shalott*, and the Rank *Garlick* grow.

TOM BOLD did first begin the strolling Mart,
 And drove about his *Turnips* in a Cart:
 Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would please,
 And from the same Machine sell Pecks of *Pease*.
 Then *Pippins* did in Wheel-barrows abound,
 And Oranges on Whimsy-boards went round.
 BESS HOY first found it troublesome to baul,
 And therefore plac'd her *Cherries* on a Stall;
 Here *Currants*, there her *Goosberries* were spread,
 VVith the enticing Gold on *Gingerbread*.
 But *Flounders*, *Sprats* and *Cucumbers* were cry'd;
 And every Voice; and every Sound were try'd.
 At last the Law this hideous Dinn suppress'd,
 And order'd that the *Sunday* should have Rest;
 And that no Nymph the noisy Food should sell,
 Except it were *New Milk* or *Mackarel*.

There is no Dish, but what our *Cooks* have made,
 And merited a Charter by their Trade ;
 Not *French Kickshaws*, nor *Ooglio* brought from *Spain*,
 Have been the only Product of their Brain :
 But *Pudding*, *White-Pot*, *Brawn*, are own'd to be
 Th' Effects of Native Ingenuity.

Our *British* Fleet, that now commands the Main,
 Might glorious VVreaths of Victory obtain;
 VVould they take time, would they with Leisure work,
 VVith Care would salt their *Beef*, and cure their *Pork*.
 Would boil their Liquor well when e'er they brew,
 The Conquest half is to the Vict'aller due.

Because that Thrift and Abstinence are good,
 As many Things, if rightly understood.
 Old CROSS condemns all Persons to be Fops,
 That can't regale themselves with *Mutton Chops*.
 He often for *Stufft Beef* to *Bedlam* runs,
 And the clean *Rummer*, as the Pest-House, shuns.
 Sometimes *Poor Jack* and *Onions* are his Dish,
 And then he Saints all those that stink of Fish.
 As for my self, I take him to abstain,
 Who has good Meat with Decency, tho' plain :
 But tho' my Edge be not so nicely set,
 Yet I another's Appetite may whet ;
 May teach him what to buy, when Season's past,
 What's Stale, what Choice, when plentiful, what Waste ;
 And lead him thro' the various Maze of Taste. }
 The Fundamental Principle of all,
 Is what Ingenious Books the *Relish* call ;
 For when the Market sends in Loads of Food,
 'Tis that in nice Perfection makes it good.

Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of Care
 To know for whom it is you would prepare.
 You'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
 A testy Father, or a haughty Mother.
 Would mollifie a Judge, would cram a Squire,
 Or else some Smiles at Court you may desire ;
 Or wou'd perhaps some hasty Supper give,
 To shew the splendid State in which you live.
 Pursuant to that Interest you propose,
 Must all your Wines, and all your Meats be chose.
 Let Men and Manners every Dish adapt,
 Who'd force his *Pepper*, where his Guests are clapt.
 A Cauldron of Fat *Beef*, and Stoupe of *Ale*,
 On the Huzzaing Mob shall more prevail,
 Than if you gave them, with the nicest Art,
 Ragoufts of *Peacocks Brains*, or *Filberd Tart*.

The *French* by *Soups* and *Hautgousts* Glory raise,
 And their Desires all terminate in Praise.
 The thrifty Maxim of the wary *Dutch*,
 Is to save all the Money they can touch.
Hans, cries the Father, see a Pin lies there,
 A Pin a Day, will fetch a Groat a Year.
 To your five Farthings, join three Farthings more,
 And they, if added, make your Half-pence four.
 Thus may your Stock, by Management, increase,
 Your Wars shall gain you more than *Britain's Peace* ;
 Where Love of Wealth, or rusty Coin prevail,
 What hopes of Sugar'd-Cakes, or Butter'd-Ale.

Cooks garnish out some Tables, some they fill,
 Or in a prudent Mixture shew their Skill.
 Clog not your constant Meals, but Dishes few
 Increase the Appetite, when choice and new.

E'en

E'en they who still Extravagance profess,
 Have still an inward Hatred to Excess.
 Meat forc'd too much, untouch'd on Table lies,
 Few care for carving Trifles in Disguise,
 Or that fantastick Dish, some call Surprize.
 When Pleasures to the Eye and Palate meet,
 That *Cook* has render'd his great Work compleat;
 His Glory far, like Sir *Loyn's* Knighthood flies,
 Immortal made, as *Kit-cat*, by his Pyes.

Good Nature must some Failings over-look,
 Not Wilfulness, but Errors in the *Cook*.
 A String wont always give the Sound design'd,
 By the Musician's Touch, and Heav'nly Mind;
 Nor will an Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow,
 Still to the destin'd Point directly go.
 Perhaps no *Salt* is thrown about the Dish,
 Or no fry'd *Parsley* scatter'd on the Fish;
 Shall I, in Passion, from my Dinner fly,
 And Hopes of Pardon to my *Cook* deny.
 For Things, which Carelessness might over-see,
 And all Mankind commit, as well as he?
 What then! shall *Bakers*, stubborn in their Fault,
 Be pardon'd, tho' refusing to be taught:
 Or a *Wet-Salter* all my *Sallad* spoil,
 By still persisting to send in bad Oil.
 POOR ROGER FOWLER had a gen'rous Mind,
 Nor would submit to have his Hand confin'd;
 But aim'd at all, yet never could excel
 In any thing, but stuffing of his *Veal*;
 But when that Dish was in Perfection seen,
 And that alone, would it not move your Spleen.
 'Tis true, in a long Work soft Slumbers creep,
 And gently sink the Artists into sleep.

E'en

E'en LAMB himself, at the most Solemn Feast,
Might have some Chargers not exactly dress'd.

Tables should be like Pictures to the Sight,
Some Dishes cast in Shade, some spread in Light;
Some at a Distance brighten, some near Hand,
Where Ease may all your Delicates command.
Some should be mov'd when broken, others last
Thro' the whole Treat, incentive to the Taste.

LOCKET, by many Labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen, call'd his Eldest Son.
" Tho' wise thy self, says he, tho' taught by me;
" Yet fix this Sentence in thy Memory.
" There are some certain Things that don't excel,
" And yet we say they're tolerably well.
" There's many worthy Men a Lawyer prize,
" Whom they distinguish as of middle Size,
" For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;
" But this is not, my Son, the Fate of Cooks.
" From whose mysterious Art true Pleasure springs,
" To Stall of Garter, and to Throne of Kings.
" A simple Dance, or disobliging Song,
" Which no way to the main Design belong;
" Or were they absent, never could be miss'd,
" Have made a well wrought Comedy be miss'd.
" So in a Feast, no intermediate Fault
" VVill be allow'd, but if not best, 'tis naught.

He that of feeble Nerves, and Joints complains,
From Nine-pins, Quoits, and from Trap-ball abstains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the VVrestling Place,
Lest *Vinegar* resounds his loud Disgrace.

But

But every one to *Cookery* pretends, to
 Nor Maid nor Mistress e'er consult their Friends.
 But, Sir, if you would roast a Pig, be free,
 Why not with BRAUN, with LOCKER, or with me?
 We'll see when 'tis enough, when both Eyes out,
 Or if it want the nice concluding Bout;
 But if it lie too long the Crackling's pall'd,
 Not by the Dredger-box to be recall'd.

Our *Cambrian* Fathers, sparing in their Food,
 First broild their hunted Goats on bars of Wood;
 Sharp Hunger was their Seasoning, or they took
 Such Salt as issued from the native Rock;
 Their Sallading was never far to seek,
 The poinant Water-cress, and sav'ry Leek.
 Until the *British* Bards adorn'd this Isle,
 And taught them how to roast and how to boil.
 Then THALIESSEN rose, and sweetly strung
 His *British* Harp, instructing while he sung.
 Taught them that Honesty they still possess,
 Their Truth, their Open-heart, their modest Dress,
 Duty to Kindred, Constancy to Friends,
 And inward Worth, which always recommends;
 Contempt of VVealth, and pleasure to appear
 To all Mankind with Hospitable Chear.

In after Ages ARTHUR taught his Knights
 At his Round Table to record their Fights;
 Cities eras'd, Encampments forc'd in field,
 Monsters subdu'd, and hideous Tyrants quell'd.
 Then Guy, the Pride of *Warwick* truly great,
 To future Heroes due Example set.
 By his capacious *Cauldron* made appear,
 From whence the Spirits rise, and Strength of VVar

The present Age, to Gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vast Improvements of the Mind;
He that of Honour, Wit and Mirth partakes,
May be a fit Companion o'er *Beef Stakes*;
His Name may be to future Times enroll'd
In *Eastcourts* Book, when Grid Iron shines with Gold.

'Tis a Sage Question, if the Art of *Cooks*
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books?
That Man will never frame a Noble Treat,
Whose whole Dependance lies on some Receipt.
Then by pure Nature every thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.
When Art and Nature join, th' Effect will be
Some nice *Ragoust*, or charming *Frycasee*.

The Lad that would his Genius so advance,
That on the Rope he may securely dance,
From tender Years enures himself to Pains,
To Summers parching Heats, and Winters Rains,
And from the Fire of Wine and Love abstains.
No Artist can his Hautboys Stops command,
Unless some Skilful Master form his Hand.
But Gentry take their *Cooks*, tho' never try'd,
It seems no more to them than up and ride;
Preferments granted thus, shew him a Eool
That dreads a Parent's Check, or Rods at School.

Ox-Cheek, when hot, and *Wardens* bak'd some cry,
But 'tis with an Intention Men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous Store,
That if you'l let them treat, they'l ask no more;
And 'tis the vast Ambition of their Soul,
To see their Port admired, their Table full.

But

But then amidst the cringing flattering Crowd,
 Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
 Who with such Grace his Honor's Actions praise,
 How well he Fences, Dances, Sings, and Plays;
 Tell him his Liv'ry's rich, his Chariots fine,
 How choice his Meat, and delicate his Vine.
 Surrounded thus, how should the Youth descry
 The Happiness of Friendship from a Lye.
 Friends act with Cautious Temper, when Sincere;
 But flattering Impudence is void of Care;
 So at an *Irish* Funeral appears
 A train of Drabs, with Mercenary Tears,
 Who wringing of their Hands, with hideous Moan,
 Know not his Name for whom they seem to groan.
 While real Grief with silent Steps proceeds,
 And Love unfeign'd with inward Passion bleeds.
 Hard Fate of Wealth! were Lords, as Butchers, wise,
 They from their Meat wou'd banish all the Flies.
 The *Persian* King, with Vine and massy Bowl,
 Search'd to the dark Recesses of the Soul;
 That so laid open, no one might pretend,
 Unless a Man of Worth, to be his Friend.
 But now the Guests their Patrons undermine,
 And slander them for giving 'em their Vine.
 Great Men have dearly thus Companions bought,
 Unless by their Instruction they'll be taught,
 They spread the Net, and will themselves be caught.

We must submit our Treats to Criticks View,
 And every prudent Cook should read *Boscu*.
 Judgment provides the Meat in Season fit,
 Which by the Genius drest is Sawce, to wit,
 Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
 Come up to the Decorum of the Stage.

The

The Critick strikes out all that is not just,
 And 'tis e'en so the Baker chips his Crust,
 Poets and Pastry Cooks will be the same,
 Since both of them their Images must frame
 Chimera's from the Poet's Fancy flow,
 The Cook contrives his Shape in real Dough.

There are some Persons so excessive rude,
 That to your private Table they'll intrude,
 In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,
 Turn like a Fox, they'll catch you at the last.
 You must, since Bars and Doors are no Defence,
 E'en quit your House, as in a Residence.
 Be quick, nay very quick, yet he'll approach,
 And as you're scampering stop you in your Coach.
 Then think of all your Sins, and you will see
 How right your Guilt and Punishment agree.
 Perhaps no tender Pity could prevail,
 But you might throw some Debtor into Jail.

Now mark the Effect of his prevailing Curse,
 You are detain'd by something that is worse.
 Were it in my Election I should chuse
 To meet a ravenous Bear or Wolf got loose.
 He'll Eat and Talk, and Talking still will Eat,
 No quarter from the Parasite you'll get,
 But, like a Leech well fixt, he'll suck what's good,
 And never part till satisfy'd with Blood.

